

PLAYING SAFE

Barber—Poor Jim has been sent to a lunatic asylum.

Victim (in chair)—Who's Jim?

"Jim is my twin brother, sir. Jim has long been broodin' over the hard times, an' I suppose he finally got crazy."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, he and me has worked side by side for years, and we were so alike we couldn't tell each other apart. We both brooded a good deal, too. No money in this business now."

"What's the reason?"

"Prices too low. Unless a customer takes a shampoo it doesn't pay to shave or hair-cut. Poor Jim, I caught him trying to cut a customer's throat because he refused a shampoo, so I had to have the poor fellow locked up. Makes me sad. Sometimes I feel sorry I didn't let him slash all he wanted to. It might have saved his reason. Shampoo, sir?"

"Yes!"

VALUE OF BLUFF

In a close encounter during the American Civil War, two soldiers, one from each army, came face to face within short range.

Each put up his gun and fired, as it subsequently appeared, his last cartridge. Both missed. The bullet of one man buried itself in a tree, and the shot of the other passed through the coat of his enemy. Each man, knowing his ammunition was gone, supposed himself to be at a disadvantage.

ADOLF PRO



One of them made a great show of reloading his gun, and, stepping forward, demanded a surrender. The other threw down his arms with a groan.

"If I had another cartridge I would never surrender," he exclaimed.

"That's all right," calmly remarked the captor, marching off his prisoner. "If I had another you may be sure I shouldn't have asked you to surrender."

Jim—What are yer laughin' at, Bill?

Bill—Why, the ole woman started to jaw that copper what come to lock me up, an' I'm blowed if he ain't run her in an' left me.